As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Giue him the Crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
I must needs haue you friends.
Flew. By Iesus, the fellowe hath mettall enough in his belly.
Harke you souldier, There is a filling for you,
And keepe your selfe out of brawles,
And prabbles, and dissentions,
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.
Soul. Ile none of your money sir, not I.
Flew. Why tis a good filling man:
Why should you be queamish?
Your shooes are not so good.
It will serue you to mend your shooes.
Kin. What men of sort are taken vncklel?
Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchquall.*
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French, that in the fielde lyes slaine.
Of Nobles bearing banners in the fielde,
Charles de le Brute, high Constanble of France,
Iaques of *Chatillian*, Admirall of France,
The master of the Crosse-bowes, *Iohn* Duke *Alenson*,
Lord *Rambieres*, high Master of France.
The braue sir *Gwigzard*, Dolphin. Of *Nobelle Charillas*,
Gran *Prie* and *Rosse*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*,
Gerard and *Verton*, *Vandemant* and *Lestra*.
King. Heeres was a royall fellowship of death,
Where is the number of our English dead?
Exe. Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Esquire,
Aud of all the other, but fiue and twenty.
King. O God, thy arme was heere,
And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise:

When

When without stratageme,
And euen in shocke of battell, was euer heard
So great and little losse, on one part and another?
Take it O God, for it is onely thine.
Exe. Tis wonderfull.
Kin. Come, let vs go on procession through the c
Let it be death proclaim'd to any man
To boast heereof, or take the praise from God,
Which is his due.
Flew. Is it lawfull, and it please your Maiesty,
To tell how many is kild?
Kin. Yes Flewellen,
But with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.
Flew. Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.
kin. Let there be sung Nououes and Te Deum,
The dead with charity enter'd in clay:
Weel then to *Calice*, and to England then,
Where nere from *France*, arriu'd more happier men.

Exit omnes

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. But why do you weare your Leeke to da
Saint *Dauies* is past?
Flew. There is occasion Captaine *Gower*,
Looke you why, and wherefore:
The other day looke you, *Pistolles*
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worell, is come where I was the other day,
And brings bread and salt, and biddes mee
Eate my Leeke: twas in a place, looke you,
Where I could mooue no dissentions,
But if I can see him, I shall tell him
A little of my desires.
Gow. Heere he comes swelling like a Turky-cock